

THE MARION DAILY MIRROR

H. R. SNYDER, Manager.

Foreign Advertising Manager,
225 Fifth Ave.
New York.Frank R. Northrup
Tribune Bldg.
Chicago.

TELEPHONE NO. 9

This Paper Receives the United Press Telegraphic
News Service and Market Reports.

Rates of Subscription.

Single Copy 2c
 Per Week by Carrier 10c
 By Mail, Per Year \$3.00
 Semi-Weekly Mirror, Per Year \$1.00

HECKLE YOUR CANDIDATE.

We are asking you to heckle the candidates for congress in your district. The candidate will not like it. We should not, if we were a candidate. You probably would not, if you were a candidate. We should probably be tempted if we were a candidate, to draw ourselves up to our full height, and in a tone of unimpaired dignity declare:

"Your heckling is an impertinence, if not a positive insult. We have lived in this district so many years. We are making personal and financial sacrifice to serve the public. We have judgment, experience, conscience. If you cannot trust us to manage your affairs in Washington, don't send us. We prefer not to go if you cannot trust us. And as for stating now how we shall vote on the questions that come up, we absolutely refuse. How can we honestly say how we shall vote until we have heard all of the facts brought out in the debate, and learned all the complications involved in every great question? We must decline to bind ourselves to shut all doors to new information; to make ourselves automata, manikins, acting only when you pull the string. You don't want a congressman; you want a clerk. You don't want a man; you want a machine."

Isn't that about the way any high-spirited, worth-while man would feel on receipt of such a set of questions as we are asking you to send to your candidates? And isn't that also about the kind of reply you would get from a candidate not high-spirited, not worth-while—the politician, pretending to all the virtues, grievously hurt by your distrust, and the while refusing to commit himself, insisting that the doors be left open for new information, but really concerned to keep the back door open for agents of the interested?

Sick Of Fine Speeches.

Therein is your answer to the candidate. Say to him: "We have been trusting men, and sending them to Washington, and depending upon their judgment, and experience, and consciences, for a great many years, and while in many notable instances our trust has been honored; in far too many our trust has been betrayed. We are not satisfied with the way congress as a whole has looked after our interests—the interests of the whole people."

"We have tried the delegated government—leaving everything to the judgment and honor of our representatives—and we are not satisfied with the result. It may be the only way, and we may never be able to get better results; but, before admitting so disappointing a conclusion, we are going to take one short step in the direction of popular government. We are going to try to find out how nearly you represent us before we decide to send you to Washington. Surely there is no offense in that; and, if you really desire to represent us, and not yourself, or some special interest, you might, it seems to us, be glad to tell us frankly what your attitude is on the big questions. How else can we know whether you represent us, or not? We don't wish to tie you down, limit you, hamper your judgment. We do wish to leave a margin for new information. But we have listened so long to fine speeches! We have read so many broad and beneficent platforms, only to find ourselves in the end thwarted, tricked, deserted, that we are sick of platforms and speeches, sick of party expediency and party success! We want to know now what you personally—you the man—are going to do for us men, women, and children when you get to Washington."

"If we were in your shoes we should probably feel as you do. Put yourself in our shoes, and, if we mistake not, you will sympathize with our position and comply with our request most willingly. These questions we are asking are not new. They have been discussed, and discussed, and discussed. Every constituent of yours has convictions on these questions, so thoroughly have they been discussed. You must have given them a great deal of intelligent thought. You must have very definite ideas of what you will do when you get to Washington. Surely it is not such a dreadful thing to ask you that you give us an idea of where you stand, and how you expect to represent us."—Everybody's Magazine for August.

ANOTHER PROGRESSIVE VICTORY.

The sweep of the rising tide of progressive Republicanism grows more impressive day by day. California, boss-ridden and gang-ruled for years, has been added to the list of "insurgent" states and, as a result of Tuesday's primaries, faces the fall campaign with a Republican ticket swept clean of every vestige of staidism.

The victory of Hiram Johnson, progressive candidate for the governorship and long-time foe of the bosses, was a spectacular one, the latest estimates of the plurality being around 20,000. With him the complete progressive ticket was nominated, after a primary fight of unusual bitterness. Among the wreckage of the "conservative" defeat is Congressman Duncan McKinlay, a sturdy fighter and a man of great personal force and charm, but a statesman who, like too many others of these later days, is unable to differentiate between "party solidarity" and real party loyalty. McKinlay's defeat for renomination, in view of the prominence he had won in his congressional service is one of the hardest raps the forces of Cannonism have yet received. It spells a lesson that he who runs may read. It will bear a sinister significance for various congressional candidates, in Ohio, for instance, who have counted on the Cannon O. K. as a November life preserver.

The insurgent victory in California is not, of course, convincing in itself. Local conditions cut a large figure in the result. But considered with and added to all that has gone before, it must be more convincing to the political student of open mind. It points to ultimate victory to the men who are fighting for a return to the traditions of patriotism and honest public service which are the Republican party's by right. And by the same token it prophesies very wet times for a large number of King Canute patriots who think the tide may be driven back with impressive gestures.—Cleveland Leader.

LA FOLLETTE.

A genuine leader not infrequently must wait long for vindication. Thousands of cautious citizens, who now stand on important questions where Senator La Follette stood a decade and more ago, then looked upon him as one whom they would have called "unsound." But La Follette was much sounder, on the whole, than the rest of us, in his financial and social theories, and very much sounder in his personal and ethical composition. The taste for luxury never tainted him. Money has never even remotely influenced his mind, and within these few months he has taught the Senate and country a lesson in the proper spirit of a legislator whose own interests are affected by his vote. Years ago he urged regulation by commission, long before any popularity attached to the idea. Years ago he fought for physical valuation of railroads, a measure to which most reasonable men are converted now. He was one of the first to realize that government by corporations is not self-government. No measure ever had his support or opposition, save for considerations of the general welfare. In his present office he has been the very terror of the Senate. When he entered that august and crooked hall, it was freely predicted that he would be chloroformed within a year. Aldrich, whose personal gain from political corruption Bristow has recently made clear, has been quietly devoting his power to the defeat of La Follette for reelection, and the President, to his shame be it said, is enlisted in the same unholy cause. We believe the political oligarchy will be able to control the proud independence of Wisconsin. All his life he has honorably, independently, successfully fought the people's fight. To Aristides were, by his countrymen, applied these words of Aeschylus:

"For not at seeming just, but being so
 He aims."

The lifelong sincerity of La Follette deserves as high a praise.—Collier's Weekly.

Now that Col. Nicholas Longworth has delivered himself on Uncle Joe, the Illinois statesman should quit without further kicking.



Lewis A. D. Percival, President of the Amalgamated Paint Company of New York, and his wife, Mrs. Ethel M. Percival, who has recently started society by accusing her husband of administering a terrible beating to her while touring in their automobile. So severe was the punishment that Mrs. Percival declares that her earrings and necklace and bracelets were found again. Mrs. Percival is a noted horsewoman and enthusiastic over athletic sports. She has competed for years in Chicago and New York.

LIKE DOGS AROUND THE DYING LION.

Uncle Joe is going down on the shores of deep politics but like England's immortal Admiral who confronted fifty Spanish galleons he is sinking with his guns shot and his flag flying. The old man seems to be incapable of measuring even fairly well the tides and currents of public opinion which have set in but he is wedded to the past. He also is oblivious of the facts that the Administration is being undermined and jolted from its standpat by the thunder of the guns of the insurgents from the great free people of Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, Oregon and California. Seeing the inevitable, President Taft has finally started out his young men with their stilettoes to remove Cannon. But the old man is game and in the face of disaster he stands by the old order declaring his candidacy for another term as Speaker of the House. Of course, there isn't going to be any Republican Speaker this year for the country is going Democratic like Maine went on one noted occasion. Why Mr. Taft and Mr. Cannon should seriously consider it is something nobody can find out. When they can't carry a Congressional district which had 14,000 Republican plurality two years ago they ought to be able to absorb something from the air and from current opinion. But Cannon stands his ground through it all and surrounded with the Nicky Longworths and the gum shoe Cranes with their little knives he defies his enemies and stands by his guns. He is certainly an interesting "ruin." He reminds us of a picture we have seen somewhere of the dogs surrounding a great, dying lion but keeping well out of way of his stroke.

Gary will likely take the blue ribbon when it comes to per cent. of increase of population since the last census. Fourteen thousand per cent. isn't slow.

The Christian Herald says there are 113,000,000 heathen left in the world, and this estimate is said not to include those who throw stones at street cars.—Ohio State Journal.

Ex-Secretary of State Laylin is touted for Chairman of State Republican Committee.

The G. O. P. with friction between Beverly and Danville, and Oyster Bay off the reservation, is having troubles of its own.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

St. Nicholas for September.

Stolz Seefield Ld. Co. 5976.

"He Was Almost Too Late—But Not Quite." Frontispiece—C. M. Relyea.

The Triple Play. Story—Ralph Henry Barbour.

The Moth. Verse—Alice Reid.

"Please" Verse—Eunice Ward.

"The Two Friends" Picture—G. Von Glehn.

Out in The Big Game Country.

Sketch—Catherine H. Rowe.

The Party Of The Second Part.

Story—Pearl Howard Campbell.

A New Sport For Boys. How to make and fly Model Aeroplanes.

Sketch, Part II—Francis Arnold Collins.

The Nonsense Boy. Serial Story—Charlotte Carty.

The Message of The Clocks. Verse—Ethel Humphrey.

The Moon. Verse—May Morgan.

Feeding The Puppies. Picture Drawn by Harriet Reppley Boyd.

The League Of The Signet Ring.

Serial—Mary Constance Du Bois.

"Silent Sympathy." Picture. From the original etching by Herbert Dickes.

The Last Of The Freight Thieves.

The Young Railroaders' Series—Lovell Combs.

Who Wants A Drink? Verse—Mabel Livingstone Frank.

Information Wanted. Verse—Nixon Waterman.

The Treat. Verse—Ethel Parton.

A Labor Day Luncheon. More "Betty" Stories—Carolyn Wells.

A Friend Of Children And Of Dogs.

Sketch—Roussier Johnson.

The Vain Child. Verse—Emily Burt.

Show Us Off. Picture—Edwin Levick.

The Refugee. Serial Story—Capt.

Charles Gilson.
 Midsummer Echoes From Old Ocean
 Pictures. Shipwrecked Mouse. Captain
 of Company C. Drawn by E. G. Lutz.

The Spattered Banjo. A nonsensical
 Heroic Ballad—Charles F. Lester.

The Young Wizard of Morocco. Serial—Bradley Gilman.

Willful Bobby's Midnight Ride.

Verse—Mark Fenderson.

Two Objects

In View—The Buckeye State Building and Loan Company Rankin Building, 22 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio.

1. To establish an absolutely safe place in which people can deposit their money. This is being done by loaning all money deposited with it only on homes—the safest of all mortgage loans.

2. To loan all money so deposited for the building of homes, at the most reasonable rates to borrowers consistent with sound business principles. To these ends we work. Assets over \$4,200,000.

United States Naval Scenes.
 Hooks And Reading—Hildegard Hawthorne.
 Nature And Science, etc.
 More Leaves From The Journey
 Book Drawn by DeWitt Clinton Falls
 St. Nicholas League, etc.
 The Cyclone Verse—L. W. Taber.
 Danny's Errand Verse—Virginia Lewis.
 The Letter Box.
 The Riddle Box.

Wanted.

The Merry Thought.
 A sheet for the bed of a river.
 A ring for the finger of scorn.
 A glove for the hand of fate.
 A boot for the foot of a mountain.
 A sleeve for the arm of the law.
 A set of teeth for the mouth of a river.
 A lock for the trunk of an elephant
 A feather for the wings of the wind.
 Scales for the weight of years.
 Buttons for a coat of paint.
 A rung for the ladder of fame.
 Reins for a bridal tour.
 A medicine to keep the ink well.
 To know what makes the weather
 vance and the roads cross.
 A key for a lock of hair.

The Vagabond.

I, who am roofless, seek no sheltering;
 I, who am lonely, beg no word or sign.
 Nor any gift your kindly hearts may bring.
 Save only one, which never may be mine.

Singing and free, I trod the open road
 Only so long ago as yesterday,
 When Love passed by, and bade me
 share his load;
 Careless, I mocked his need and said
 him nay.

I, who am weary, crave no comforting
 Famine, I ask for neither bread nor wine,
 Nor of your largess any slightest thing.
 Save only that which never may be mine!
 —Charlotte Becker in New York Sun

SUICIDE OF
C. B. BAUDUY

And Attempted Suicide of
 His Wife—Out of Money,
 Employment and Mind.

By United Press Wire.
 New York, Aug. 19.—On hearing that her husband, Louis C. B. Bauduy, a real estate agent, formerly of St. Louis, had shot and killed himself in a hotel at Mamaroneck, Mrs. Leonie Violet Bauduy, his third wife, from whom he was separated, attempted suicide early today by drinking carbolic acid.
 The body of the man was identified in the Mamaroneck morgue last night by a woman said to have been Mrs. John Cecil Clay, wife of the well-known artist, and a sister of Bauduy. When reporters called at the home

Marion's Leading Clothing Business

Our August Sale of
Spring and Summer Suits

Fine \$15 Suits are now \$11.25
 Fine \$20 Suits are now \$14.75
 Fine \$25 Suits are now \$18.25



New Fall Suits

Handsome, exclusive
 new models for Fall from
 the great "House of Kuppenheimer." A splendid
 showing at from
 \$15, \$20 to \$30

Will be Open Tonight Until 9 O'clock.

HUGHS & CLEARY
 on the Square
 CLOTHING

of Mrs. A. Albrecht, mother of Mrs. Leonie Bauduy, early today, they were told Mrs. Bauduy was at a neighboring drug store. A reporter who saw her purchase a bottle of carbolic acid followed her home and declares he struck the bottle from her hand just as she tried to swallow the poison.

This was the third attempted suicide of Mrs. Bauduy. Last Friday she tried to leap in front of an elevated train, but was restrained. Later when arrested for attempting suicide she tried to kill herself by trying to jump from a window in the police station. She declares she was driven to attempting suicide by her husband's cruel treatment and the fact that two of his former wives, who had committed suicide, had been haunting her day and night.

A friend of Bauduy declares the dead man was "out of money, out of employment and out of his mind."

On February 18, 1904, the first Mrs. Bauduy shot herself, leaving this note: "The only person in the world who made life worth living for is dead. I did not care to live longer." The day she shot herself Ralph Tilden, son of the man who sued Ward Beecher on charges that created world-wide scandal, was buried. He was known to have been friendly to Mrs. Bauduy.

The second Mrs. Bauduy was killed by gas on December 19, 1908. Bauduy unconscious, was found at her side. He was saved only because his brother, John, gave up a large amount of blood to him. The death of the woman was declared to be accidental.

that they regard it as a position which should seek the man, instead of the man the place. If the committee and candidates call upon either of them to direct the fight against Governor Harmon, they will not shrink, however.

It was reported yesterday that Laylin was Warren G. Harding's personal choice. When asked about the report, Laylin said:

"I know nothing about it."

Not Seeking the Place.

To assert that no member of the central committee had spoken to him on the subject and that so far as he knew none of the candidates on the Republican state ticket had expressed a preference for chairman of the executive committee, Laylin made it clear to those who asked him about the subject that he was not in any sense a candidate, that he does not desire it, and hopes that another person will be selected. He said he was confident of the election of the entire Republican state ticket next fall.

Malcolm A. Jennings of Marion, will be elected secretary of the committee, and a Columbus banker probably will be made treasurer.

Mrs. Emma Sanford is seriously ill at her home on Delaware avenue.

The Value
of Good Plumbing

Good Plumbing is one of the most important features of the home and should receive your careful attention at all times. If you need Bath Room advice we will supply it free without obligations to you.

See Hildreth & Pace
 118 E. Church, Phone 593.

The New Lewis Grocery.

OSAGE
MELONS

These are the large green kind with the golden colored meat. They are very fine. From

8c to 20c each.

R. T. Lewis & Co.

North Main Street